

# The Colonnade

Volume VII.

Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., January 19, 1932

NUMBER 9

## Courses Offered in Economics and Sociology Spring Semester 1932

**Economics 12—The Consumer in Every-Day Life.** This is offered for all Students. 8-9, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

**Economics 31—Modern Industry.** Course deals with modern industrial problems with special reference to the period since 1860. Open to juniors and seniors and others who have previously had work in the department. 8-9, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

**Sociology 2—Community Problems.** This is an elementary course which discusses several community problems. The social problems connected with health and disease, play and recreation, immigration, delinquency and crime, and other subjects will be discussed. Open to any student. 9-10, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

**Sociology 22—Modern Social Problems.** Here we discuss problems of population, deaths, infant mortality, the woman's problem, immigration, the Race Problem, and others. Open to sophomores, juniors, and seniors, and, in general, to any one who has had work in the department. 3:30-4:30, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

**Sociology 28—The Family.** This is general on the family as a social institution from the beginning until the present. Open to juniors and seniors. Sophomores may come in only by SPECIAL PERMISSION. 9-10, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Another section will be created to accommodate those who have unavoidable conflicts at this hour.

We believe the above mentioned courses will prove as profitable as they will practical, general, and interesting.

The Sophomore Commission, 'Y' Cabinet, and the Freshman Council cordially invited the student body to a series of exam teas to be given January 21, 22, 23, in the 'Y' room between 4 and 6.

### FRESHMAN COUNCIL ENTERTAINS FACULTY ADVISORS.

The Freshman Council entertained the faculty advisor of the happy groups at a delightful tea, held in the school tea room, Monday, January 11th.

The guests, on arrival, were greeted by the councilors and were served punch.

An "orchestra" composed of Margaret K. Smith, pianist, and Dorothy Cleper, violinist, enlivened the spirit of the affair with popular songs. Skinner Brannon and Laura Lambert also sang several snappy songs to the accompaniment of a uke.

Miss Polly Moss, Secretary of the Y expressed appreciation for the interest shown by the advisor, and introduced Mary Rogers, student advisor, and Lillian Dillard, president of the council who both gave a short word of greeting to the faculty advisors and councilors. Vera Hunt president of the Y, and Mrs. Ireland, who, as advisor of the membership committee spoke of her interests with the group and the Refreshments of sandwiches and work.

The advisors of the hobby groups who enjoyed the occasion were: Miss Bigham Miss Nelson, Miss Pyle, Mrs. Dorris, Miss Annette Steele, Miss Helen Green, Miss Louise Smith, Miss Burch, Miss Laura Lambert, Miss Frances Brannan, Miss Mary Snow Johnson, Miss Frances Thaxton, Miss Sutton, Miss Susie Dell Reamy, Miss Helen Barron, Miss Hall Miss Anstelle Adams, Miss Lorena Riles, Miss Vera Hunt, Mrs. Ireland, Miss Jones and Miss Tait.

Thursday afternoon the Sophomore Commission will entertain; Friday, the 'Y' Cabinet; and Saturday, the Freshman Council. Each tea will be carried out in an entirely different and original idea

God bless you merry gentlemen  
Throughout the coming year.  
May every hour of each short day  
Bring happiness and cheer.

May true things ever guide your  
paths  
Good fortune linger near.  
And may I wish to you, my friends,  
A joyous, happy year.  
Hortense Jones

## History Club Presents Comedy

Lady of the Moon, a two-act comedy, directed by Dr. Amanda Johnson, was presented Saturday Evening in the auditorium.

The play was presented in order to raise funds for the Georgia History Museum.

This play, as well as the many others directed by Dr. Johnson previous years, was one of the most delightful entertainments of the year.

Jimmie Winslow, age 16, Eunice Chandler, had failed two subjects in his previous school term. His mother, Mrs. Winslow, who always had terrible headaches caused by Neuritis, employed as his governess Anne Kirkpatrick alias Anne Prescott, a very attractive young lady, Bessie Lewis. Mrs. Alice Macon, a friend of the family Mervyn Singletary, came to visit the Winslows. With her she brought Robin Winslow, Dot Allen, his roommate, Philip Morley, Bernice Johnston and Robins finance, Augusta Mason, the clinging vine type, Clara Holloway. Nancy Winslow, an extremely athletic girl, immediately falls in love with Phil.

At the end of the play Phil and Nancy set the date of their wedding and Robin and Anne, rather than Augusta, who throughout the play had tried to monopolize all the men regardless of the methods she used, find that they really love each other.

## THE COLONNADE

The Staff is justly proud of it's dress. Their best efforts are spent to make it an attractive messenger to the girls of other days and we may be pardoned in saying that we think it worthy of your support. Our time, restricted as it is, by scholastic and campus activities, is given freely and gladly, yea, joyously to make the paper an asset for G. S. C. W. and frankly we feel that it justifies a more loyal support than we are now having.

Old Rip Van Winkle in dismissing an old arch enemy told Gretchen his wife to give him a cold potato and let him go.

**PLEASE STAND BY THE WORD OF YOUR ALMA MATER.**

Don't dismiss it with a cold potato.

## Sock and Buskin Met Thursday

The freshman dramatic club, met Thursday afternoon at 5:30 in Dr. Hunter's class room.

One of the most interesting programs of the year was presented. It consisted of a fascinating discussion by Miss Crowell on the recent Maude Adams "Comeback."

"The Merchant of Venice" was presented by Miss Adms on Jan. 1, 2, 1932 in Atlanta.

Miss Adams was severely criticised for attempting to play so youthful a role as "Portia." However, it is felt that the superb acting of the star made up for any incongruities in age.

Miss Crowell spoke in detail of the lighting effects, the stage setting, the music and the costuming. One almost felt one had seen the play itself in its beautiful staging and exquisite acting.

## Pi Gamma Mu Honors G.S.C.W. Professor

Dr. George Harris Webber was honored at the Third Annual Convention of the National science honor society, Pi Gamma Mu, held in New Orleans by being named first vice president of the society. He is a member of the board of directors of the Social Science Publishing Company. He is also associate editor of the national publication, "Social Science." Dr Webber made the final address of the convention, speaking on, "The Social Mission of Humor."

During the speech of Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology at Uke, who was made President of the society said, "Our students hardly know what hard study means. There is too much truth in the European criticism that our colleges and universities train in skill along practical lines but impart no true culture."

## CROSS THE CAMPUS

By Philip Space

I suppose it would be the proper thing to wish every body a happy new year and all that, but it probably wouldn't do any good. We've been wishing it every year since somebody got the idea, and every one, year I mean, has been just as bad as the one before. People are funny, aren't they?

Say! Did you know that the annual is going to be one of the best this year? And to think, the cover design came from a stocking box. But K's in a dreadful fix. Honest she is. She's figured out the number of freshmen and the number of pages, and she has to put 19 and 4-5 of a freshman on each page. Now where did that 4-5 freshman get? And who is she? Sounds queer but figures don't lie.

Margaret Henderson wants publicity. On the way back to school she was asking for a reporter. Nell Edwards was along so guess Nell got the job. Ought to make a good story!

Styles are changing—even here. Yes! It seems to be the latest to wear hats in the library. Maybe they're going to serve the tea Frances Wells was asking about last Fall. Anyway, see Liz Morgan about the type of hat suitable for library wear. Mary Snow is the new editor of the Colonnade. Sorry to see Margraet go but just leave it to Mary Snow. I believe she knows how to do anything! Margaret is business manager or some sort of manager, I don't know what. And there's some new furniture in the staff room! I believe that's some of the Corinthian's work. Wish somebody'd put a bunch of flowers in there. But I guess that there are lots of things I'd

wish in place of that if I got a chance.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Everybody be sure to get a Union Recorder this week. It's being edited by the journalism class. Anita Cox is "Sir Boss," and some of the other budding reporters aren't so bad. It really should be a rare edition. I said rare and not raw!

Bobbie Burns was questioning a group of girls to see who was the laziest. Lucy Hern spoke up with "not me, not me" (using the American form of "I") Bobby replied, "Be careful Lucy, remember "Hit dog hollows" "Ump," says Lucy, "not if you hit 'im hard enough."

I hear history students are getting rather familiar with certain historical characters, familiar in the sense that one of them was calling Mr. Aaron Burr by his first name. Oh, to know all of 'em well!

Now, just for a matter of variety, stand on your head to finish this:

Phillip Space?  
tion is, of ot of the physics or  
my physics experiment. The ques-  
this page is written on the back of  
P. S. Have just discovered that  
Phillip Space  
Hurry! Yours,  
tired. I am,  
Well, you must be getting pretty  
ry!  
N need for everybody to wor-  
the teachers.  
n't worry' bout that—leave that to  
to worry' about but exams? I would-  
Everybody happy?—With nothing  
must have had a terrible time.  
and—the printer down town—he  
my standing on my head to type it.  
in the monotony of things. Imagine  
time it took to fix this little break  
And remember what a terrible

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Are you going to some little town, get you a teaching position and ten years later retire as an old maid?

Are you going to marry the day you receive your degree, settle down in a little white cottage with roses rambling 'round the door?

Are you going into Social Science Work?

Are you going into Scientific Work?

Are you going into Politics?

Regardless, of where you are going, what you are going to do, there is no better time to start preparing than right here on the G. S. C. W. campus.

Norman Thomas, Socialist leader says, "The best experience for the political future of any college student is to begin work right on the campus.

If students contemplate a political career they should begin by awaiting wholesome reforms at the

University."

Mr. Thomas continued "Few students talk about anything of great importance. They limit their conversation to parties, dates, football and the like. College camuses are cursed by the idea that thoughts such as this should make up the general program of discussion." Ten years from now you'll wish you could come back to college even if it was just a year so that you could take advantage of the numerous opportunities offered here on the campus.

The library has sufficient literature on any subject in which you might be interested.

Your classmates have information that might be of value to you, if only you would discuss your plans with them.

It doesn't make so much difference where you're going but how are you going?



## THE COLONNADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY STUDENTS  
OF THE  
GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN  
CORNER HANCOCK AND CLARK STS.  
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

"Entered as second-class matter October 30, 1928,  
at the post office Milledgeville, Ga., under the  
Act of March 3, 1879."  
Subscription Rate, \$1.00 per year

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### WHAT I HOPE TO GET OUT OF COLLEGE

It's like traveling a long, long  
road—and at the end what have  
you? Once, while I was in Virgin-  
ia, I rode for five miles back into  
the mountains. It was a lovely  
ride. October had been spilled over  
the woods like an upset rainbow,  
coloring the leaves with a million  
rich hues. Red berries and wild  
asters lined the bridge path with  
crimson and deep purple. From  
the summit of a cliff I could look  
down upon the world—down upon  
the city, the river, and the corn-  
fields of Virginia. It thrilled me  
and filled my soul with something  
which can only be described with  
divine vocabulary. It is beyond  
the power of human beings to put  
it into words. To me college is like  
that. You can't tell one who hasn't  
been there what it is, or what you  
expect to get out of it. It is too  
deep. They see only the outline—  
like that of far away mountain  
forests. One must penetrate their  
depths to get the beauty, the col-  
or, and the greatness of it all.

In the depths of a college educa-  
tion I think there must be two com-  
ponent parts. There is one part  
which is fact—pure fact. That which  
the world calls knowledge—some-  
thing one can learn from books. I  
want this. I expect to get it in my  
college course. I want to know about  
men who have lived before—and  
what they have done. Men like Cae-  
sar and Napoleon, men like Aris-  
totle and Boyle and like Washing-  
ton and Wilson, and like one of our  
own—a mind which has just pass-  
ed—Thomas A. Edison. I want to  
know why they being dead, yet  
live; why we, living, live richer  
lives because of them; what part  
they played in laying the foundation  
for 1931.

I want to know persons, too, who  
have lived in the mind—creations of  
Poe and Kipling, Thackeray and oth-  
ers. I want to dig into their

thoughts, their ideas and ideals; to  
relive bits of their lives to know  
better how to live my own.

I want to know the why and how  
of things; why forces act and their  
results; why energy and how it is  
used up; why elements and all their  
many combinations. I want to un-  
derstand the laws of science and  
as they have been worked out  
masterminds. I want to know  
how I can do when I have finished  
school; how I can work and give  
my best to something. I want to  
learn all that college can teach me  
about a certain subject so that I  
shall have a background for furth-  
er work along that line. I want to  
know a little about most things and  
most about one thing. This I hope  
to get in college.

This and more—There is another  
side to education. The side that  
has baffled pupils and doctors alike  
—That something that is so vital in  
the shaping of a personality. It  
turns like an undercurrent through  
college life, like a hidden stream be-  
neath tangled wild grape vines; the  
unseen, sustaining the seen. The  
invisible, building up characters  
that shall rule the world. It may  
be result of association—association  
with many who are older and wiser  
than we; association with hundreds  
of others more nearly the same age,  
who come, bringing from different  
sections of the country and even  
from different countries, the back-  
ground, the little peculiarities of  
their homes, who are all striving  
for one thing—a college education.

Perhaps it is the associations of or  
with things. In college, I expect to  
find the books, the music, the mater-  
ial substance which lead one to a  
higher life.

I expect to find independence;  
living in a crowd, and yet alone;  
planning for oneself and acting for  
oneself, yet respecting the close  
contact of others. I hope to find  
the meaning of "will", and its  
power.

Another and perhaps one of the

most important parts of unwritten  
lessons in college, as I have found  
it, is a wonderful sense of humor;  
ability to see little human weak-  
nesses and laugh at them; an ability  
to laugh in spite of an aching heart.  
I think so often the small tragic  
side of college life is overlooked in  
literature and in reality. Those  
who have graduated seem to have  
forgotten; those who are coming in  
do not know; and those who are  
here do not wish to talk of it. But  
it is necessary. It is a part of this  
thing we call education.

These are the things I want and  
hope to find in college—culture,  
knowledge, the ability to earn my  
own living and fit into the great  
machine of humanity, independence,  
an understanding, humor, and that  
unexplainable something which will  
enable me to live my life with ser-  
vice and with charm to its richest,  
fullest, most beautiful limit!

### WORLD AFFAIRS

In a recent article "Manhattan  
Mischiefs" by James Asivell, publish-  
ed in the January College Humor  
gives the startling advice, "Don't  
come to New York City."  
"The columnists, preachers, nov-  
elists and parents who have so long  
intimated at the dark iniquities of  
Manhattan should be ashamed of  
themselves. They are sending armies  
of young men into the town every  
year under false pretenses."

A. Burke Harmon, president of  
the Harmon Foundation declares  
that the number of students who  
fail to pay back college loans after  
graduation shows that the average  
student comes out of college today  
without an appreciation of the fac-  
tual situations he will have to meet  
in his business or professional af-  
fairs.

Chinese students, like European  
students, are very politically mind-  
ed. The Manchurian situation has  
given them another opportunity to  
express their political consciousness.  
Government officials dare not op-  
pose them. Large groups of stu-  
dents seized the municipal buildings  
in Shanghai, and when in complete  
control forced the mayor of the city  
to grant their demands.

### BERETS AT LAST!

An announcement received with  
great enthusiasm by all uniform  
students at the Georgia State Col-  
lege for Women was that made last  
week by Mrs. E. C. Beaman repre-  
senting the uniform committee,  
which declared the wearing of ber-  
ets with the uniform on cold and  
rainy days, now permitted on this  
ampus.

This privilege which is granted  
temporarily, carries with it the un-  
derstanding that girls are not to  
abuse it by wearing the berets on  
all occasions, but only during incle-  
ment weather. The result of this  
test will determine whether various  
colored or uniform berets shall be  
worn, or whether either kind will  
be allowed.

This step on the part of the uni-  
form committee is typical of the  
efforts being made constantly by  
that body to make every possible  
improvement and change for the  
good of the student body.

### WHY CAGE THE RADIO?

The latest requirement of the  
Education Department is a cage for  
the radio, but for a most unexpected  
reason. Some have offered the ex-  
planation that the enclosure was to  
prevent too much human interfer-  
ence, but we're glad to say, such is

not the case.  
As a matter of fact, the screen  
was put up as a study in control-  
ling the magnetic influences set up  
by the organ and moving picture gen-  
erations. The screening prevents  
electrical waves from entering the  
apparatus, thus abolishing a great  
deal of the static. By putting con-  
densors on the motors, it is pos-  
sible to ground the arcs which by  
interfering with the waves cause  
static.

Since the organ and moving pic-  
ture machine cause a great deal of  
noise in all Milledgeville radios, the  
success of the screening will make  
for more enjoyment to radio fans,  
especially on Saturday nights. And  
who knows but what a fad for caged  
radios may be the result.

### LOST—AN IMAGINATION

"Remember, how long we used  
to play Lady in the apple trees? Re-  
member, when the trees were all  
covered with pink and white, how  
they were our castles and Ann was  
King Arthur and I was Lancelot,  
while you were Guinevere?" It was  
that—that recalling of childish fan-  
cies—in a letter that set me think-  
ing about imaginations. Yes, I re-  
membered. And I remembered the  
locust grove where we were In-  
dians, wrecked sailors, Africans, in  
turn. I remembered the hut we  
built, the sticks that served as hor-  
ses. So long ago it seems. How  
nice it would be now to turn sticks  
into horses, trees into castles, chairs  
into ships. Idle fancy! Impractical  
daydreams! I said to myself. But  
really impractical? And then I re-  
alized that this old world might  
be a better place to live in if  
most of us hadn't put away our  
imaginings when we put away  
"The Bobsey Twins" and "Robin-  
son Crusoe," if we hadn't laid away  
our imaginations in a dusty old  
trunk in the attic and then forgot-  
ten we'd ever had one. Imaginations,  
I mean, not trunk or attic. Imagina-  
tions—lost? I have the greatest re-  
spect for reality but right now I'm  
discovering a respect for unreality  
that I thought I had used up. How  
many of us are simply living lives  
of cut and dried patterns. Getting  
up, eating grapefruit or what have  
you, going about the daily routine  
in the same matter of fact way that  
we have been doing every other day  
of the year. Of course, there are  
exceptions—some great mind that  
has seen beyond the real—some  
imagination that has grown up—  
And we call that genius!

### DO YOUR EXAM STUDYING EARLY

"Just two more days 'till exams."  
"My goodness!"  
"I'll declare I don't know one  
thing."  
"Me neither."  
"How far back do we review in  
French?"  
"To the reign of Henry VIII—I  
think that's his name. Isn't he the  
one that beheaded Queen Mary?"  
"Not as I know of, I don't even  
remember him! That just goes to  
prove I don't know one thing!"

Then, girls, it's about time you  
started. All this gabbing and com-  
plaining isn't going to help you on  
exams. But plain old-fashioned  
study! Do you know what this is?  
Well I'll tell you. A long time  
ago people actually concentrated on  
what they were studying. Yes sir!  
sometimes they could sit as long as  
two whole hours and not one time  
think about Harry or Jim, their new  
dress, the hole in their stocking or  
the different methods of teaching

## Lafferbit

They called him Daniel—he was  
such a boon to his family.—Watan-  
gan.

She—who gave the bride away?  
He—I could have but I kept my  
mouth shut.—Indiana Bored Walk.

The ultimate in women's clothes  
is when they can feel the coolest  
and look the hottest.—Rammer  
Jammer.

The girls in Mansion are very re-  
ligious. Everytime Dr. Beeson has  
a reception they stick their heads  
out the window and say "Ah men!"  
—G. S. C. W. Special.

A Scotch was engaged in an ar-  
gument with a conductor as to  
whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents.  
Finally the disgruntled conductor  
picked up the Scotchman's suitcase  
and tossed it off the train, just as  
he passed a bridge. It landed with  
a splash.

"Man," screamed Sandy, "isn't it  
enough to try and over charge me,  
but now you try to drown my little  
boy?"—Puppet

Semi-final examinations have  
been scheduled for the week of  
January 18. There will be an ex-  
amination in each subject during the  
last hour the class meets in the  
week.

This schedule marks a departure  
from the usual program for final  
examinations. Heretofore, the stu-  
dent has been to set aside three  
days for exams.

Under the new plan the examina-  
tions will be only one hour in du-  
ration.

### ON RECEIPT OF A LETTER

I have had a dream  
Come back to me today;  
A dream I thought was torn to  
shreds  
Or if perchance it were still whole,  
Would never find the way.

I am oh, so glad  
to take you to my breast  
(So young a dream for wandering  
You must be weary of it all.)—  
And give you peace and rest.  
I've no fear of skies,

Nor aught that they can bring—  
And sorrows past and scarlet sins  
Are as the wind, accompaniment  
For songs I now can sing.

Now I thank thee, Lord  
Although I cannot see  
The high blue shining guiding star  
That from some unknown hell afar  
Brought back my dream to me.

My little dream come back—  
And yet so big it is  
That it can hold the sky and sea,  
And fill a heart with ecstasy,  
And rift life's mysteries.

Jan. 15, 1932.

used by their teachers.  
But that was in the good old days  
when college rooms weren't as gal-  
lery of the mole species the girls  
had but one dress a year and they  
wore cotton stockings so holes were  
scarce and had only one teacher  
whose method they thought was the  
world's best.

Here I've taken up two good  
minutes that could be spent on  
studying.

## G. S. C. W. For The Alumnae



## THE ALUMNAE For G. S. C. W.

### 1931 ALMUNAE

Elizabeth Yearly, Cochran, Georgia, Summer School A. B. is teach-  
ing the fourth grade at Duluth,  
Georgia.  
Eka Childs, Omaha, Georgia, Sum-  
mer School B. S. in Education; is  
teaching at Dearing, Georgia.  
Kathleen Derrick, Atlanta, Georgia,  
Summer School B. S. in Educa-  
tion; is teaching in Atlanta.  
Minnie Mae Grant, Leslie, Georgia,  
Summer School B. S. in Educa-  
tion; is teaching in Milan, Georgia.  
Nannie Luvile Greenway, Bartow,  
Georgia, Summer School B. S. in  
Education; is teaching in Winter-  
ville, N. C.  
Pearl Hackett, Macon, Georgia,  
Summer School B. S. in Education;  
is teaching in Lumber City, Georgia.

Julia Heisler, Thomasville, Georgia,  
Summer School B. S. in Educa-  
tion; is teaching in Wrens, Georgia.

Martha Deloache is teaching at  
La Grange, Georgia.  
Mae Drew, Ellaville, Georgia, is  
teaching in Florida.

Ella Thompson, Milledgeville,  
Georgia, is teaching the second  
grade at Oconee, Georgia.

Katherine Fenn is teaching at  
Sycamore, Georgia.

Myrtle Morris is teaching the  
second grade at Norcross, Georgia.

Katherine Farmer is teaching the  
first grade at Mitchell.

Edna Tigner, Greenville, Georgia,  
is teaching French at Shiloh, Georgia.

Margaret Strong is teaching in  
the primary grades near Murray-  
ville, Georgia.

Frances Yarbrough is working  
with the Wesson Oil Company.  
Wylene Collins, Marietta, Georgia,  
Summer School Normal Course, is  
teaching at Marietta.

Irene Elliott, McDonough, Georgia,  
Summer School Normal Course,  
is teaching the fifth and sixth  
grades near McDonough.

Julia Laura Harper, Waycross,  
Georgia, Summer School Normal  
Course; is teaching at Waycross.

Estelle Elizabeth Hendry, Ludow-  
ici, Summer School Normal Course  
in Home Economics; is teaching the  
second grade at Ludowici.

### A SUMMER VACATION COURSE AT OXFORD

In July 1932 a Summer Vacation  
Course for American Women Grad-  
uates and Teachers will be held for  
the third time at Oxford. The  
course will open on Thursday, July  
7, an close on Thursday May 28,  
1932. The subject will be "England  
in the Eighteenth Century," and  
lectures will be given on the Litera-  
ture, Art, History, Politics and  
Thought of the period.

The fee is \$125 which will include  
full board, residence in one of the  
Oxford Women's Colleges, lectures,  
Classes, excursions, and concerts.  
For applications and further in-  
formation write to:

Miss Marian L. Day  
39 West 54th Street  
New York City.

### MAY I PRESENT

There are certain people in the  
world who are interesting as indi-  
viduals. But there are also people  
who characterize a type. In the  
last few years there has been an  
increasing tendency to emphasize  
type. However, there are some who  
without effort, fall into a "certain  
class."

Yesterday as I started across the  
campus, a rather small girl with a  
broad grin—I beg your pardon—a  
broad grin on a rather small girl,  
came bounding up beside me.  
"Hello, Kiddo," she shouted, and  
slapped me on the back with such  
force that my knees almost gave-  
way.

I managed a weak salutation, but  
it never reached her consciousness  
for she was off on some odd sub-  
ject. After a second of trying to  
gather my wits against her bomb-  
ardment of words and phrases, rare-  
ly sentences, I discovered that she  
was trying to tell me of some course  
she was taking. According to her,  
the course was the "nerfs." It so  
happened that I had had the course,  
and I told her so, but that only  
served to make her think she had a  
sympathetic, understanding audi-  
ence.

"Where are you from?" I finally  
interrupted desperately, hoping to  
stem the tide, stop the leak in the  
dike, find a storm cellar, or what  
have you?  
She told me, and fool that I was,  
I mentioned that I had a friend  
there—and she was off again!

"O he's a good old guy. Fact, I  
had a date with him the night be-  
fore I came down here. He's a rat-  
in kid around home. By the way, did  
you hear about me organizing the  
Noodle Club back home? Yeah, I  
hated to do it, seemed like pushing  
myself, but they kept insisting. The  
trouble with them is that they haven't  
got enough pep. It takes a  
person with plenty of pep to put a  
think like that across. Now I'm not  
bragging, because the rest of the  
girls are absolutely stagnated, but  
I have got more pep than they  
have."

I took advantage of a brief breath-  
ing spell to put in more desperate-  
ly than ever, "Your hair looks very  
pretty."

"Ha ha," her full, rich laughter  
rang out, "That's a joke. I never  
waved it in my life, just push it  
around a bit every now and then."  
"Well, goodbye, I'm going to the  
library to look up a book or some-  
thing. I'll see you later."

"To the library?" shrieked little  
Merry Sunshine, "Well, I'll just go  
along with you, I haven't anything  
else to do."

And that it a true story of why  
I am in a padded cell today. They  
wonder why I bite people who come  
into my cell grinning cheerfully,  
but they have never met her.

Have you noticed a copy of "The  
Golden Book" lately? It seems to  
have cut off some of its interest  
and most of its dignity when it cut  
down its size.

When we were home Christmas.

All the little boys were running  
around saying, "Boy, you ain't got  
grain one!" or "I'm sorry, but my  
car doesn't have brake one on it."  
or suchlike expressions. We haven't  
heard the expression once since we've  
been back at school. Is it too undig-  
nified, or too old, or what?

What's become of the fall yo-yo  
crop?

The next person who comes up to  
us and says, "Which would you  
rather do or go fishing?" is going  
to get a sock in the nose. We've  
heard that one before.

Ditto the idiot that warbles, "If  
exam time comes, can Spring be far  
behind." We also know the answer  
to that one.

Mr. Benjamin Gump, who recent-  
ly underwent a broken heart may  
be seen following a certain good-  
looking blonde around.

You're right, Maria, there is no  
dependence to be put in men.

Open letter to Phillip Space:  
Dear Madam:  
Will you please reprint your for-  
mula for walking on the paving  
block path? I got wonderful results  
when I used your recipe but I have  
misled it and am now on the verge  
of a nervous breakdown trying to  
remember it.

Gratefully yours,  
Y. C. O.

### "I DREAMED LAST NIGHT!"

Did your room mate sleepily roll  
out of bed this morning telling you  
about that insane dream she had  
last night? Of how she went down  
town Friday and right in front of  
Bell's she met this strange young  
man? Getting closer to him she saw  
that it was "ole" sweet thing" him-  
self! About that time the whistle  
blew and the dream was gone like  
all nice dreams go. You told her  
that the very opposite of her dream  
would come to pass, didn't you?

And she went through the whole day  
wondering what that dream meant  
anyway.  
Our generation is not the first to  
wonder about dreams and their mean-  
ings. In fact some of the oldest  
songs and stories in every language  
tell of dreams and visions, which  
have played an important part in  
the history of the world and of in-  
dividuals.

You can readily call to mind many  
famous dreams of the Bible—the  
vision of Jacob's Ladder—the dream  
that Pontius Pilate's wife had, warn-  
ing him to have nothing to do with  
the trial of Jesus—the dream in  
which God told Joseph to "take  
the young child Jesus, and Mary,  
his mother, and go into Egypt." And  
you remember that Joseph and  
Daniel gained much of their power  
through their clever interpreta-  
tion of dreams.  
Then it is said that Columbus saw  
his discovery of America in a dream,  
and that Alexander the Great, Jul-  
ius Caesar and Joan of Arc were  
foretold of their deaths in dreams.

"What did you dream last night?"

### PCEM IN MAIN BUILDING FIRE

In 1924, soon after Dr. Daniels  
came to teach at G. S. C. W., he  
wrote a poem entitled "Georgia's  
Loved State College" in tribute to  
our college. Dr. Daniels tells the  
story of the poem as follows:

"This poem was composed a week  
or so before the fire that destroyed  
the Main Building on December 8,  
1924. It was handed to Miss Tuck-  
er a few days before the fire, and  
the morning after the fire I found  
the poem, scorched and stained by  
water near the piano that did not  
burn in the basement adjacent to  
Parks Hall."

Georgia's Loved State College  
From valleys where twine the scup-  
pernon vine and the jasmine in  
garlanding festal;  
From forested hills where rollick-  
ing rills aye mirror shadow and  
sheen,  
And magnolias sow their roses of  
snow as chaste as the breast of  
a vestal,  
And from mountain-wolds where the  
pine unfolds his plumes of pere-  
nial green;  
From lordly plains where King Cot-  
ton reigns and carefree dorkies  
are sunning,  
And the billowing corn fills Plenty's  
horn with its store of nuggets of  
gold,  
And the peach is a flush with a  
lureful blush like a maiden coy  
in her cunning;—  
From this Georgia land as wealthful  
and grand as a fabulous region  
of old:

Right in your own family you know  
instances of dreams which have  
been thought to have warned of  
unexpected joys, of danger or of  
death to some loved one.  
Indeed, though much dream lore  
is clouded with foolish superstition,  
there are many interesting facts  
known about dreams. It is common  
knowledge that dreams are the im-  
pressions or thoughts that pass  
through our minds when we sleep.  
Some scientists hold that we are  
dreaming all the time we are asleep,  
ut, of course, we do not always  
remember because our waking  
thought overshadow the dream  
thoughts. It is an interesting fact  
that blind people do not dream of  
colors, or deaf people of sounds.  
Helen Keller, after she was taught  
to speak, often talked in her sleep.  
The explanation as to what makes  
as dream about certain things ranges  
all the way from the purely super-  
stitious to the scientific. Some think  
that we always dream of something  
we have seen or thought though we  
may not have been conscious of  
having seen or thought that particu-  
lar thing. Psychologists say that  
these impressions have been record-  
ed upon the "sub-conscious mind"  
but have been crowded out, or have  
been repressed by the will. To il-  
lustrate this one hears the story of  
the saintly old lady who could be  
heard by the neighbors "cursing"  
like a trooper—in her sleep! Quite  
the opposite of this story is the poe-  
tic fancy that when a baby smiles  
in his sleep, "the angels are talk-  
ing to him."

Refrain  
We throng thy classic halls, we  
hearken unto thy calls,  
As shod with might, serene in right,  
thou bearest thy banner o'er us;  
While comradeship endears the  
nimble, fleeting years,  
Our grateful hearts ring out in joy-  
ful chorus:

Chorus  
Hail and all hail to thee, O Georgia's  
Loved State College!  
Proudly do we proclaim the glory of  
thy wondrous fame!  
Never forgotten shalt thou be, dear  
shrine of knowledge!  
Long shall our heart of hearts adore  
thy name!

### A FORTUNE

How fortunate was I the day that  
You removed the wall  
That withholds the common lot of  
men,  
And allowed me to explore  
Your Soul.  
Nobility of character like precious  
stones  
Is never fractured.  
And though I handled every one  
Your brighter grew  
Until it seemed they would outshine  
The lights of iridescent sands,  
Yet not a stone there was  
Which glowed with self.  
I marvelled  
How could it be?  
A soul so filled with love  
That self had been forgot.  
'Tis a touch of divinity  
That gives the stones their light,  
And a tiny light is growing into  
mine  
Through the blessing of  
Your friendship.

B. B.



# THE FIG LEAF

Well, girls, for a very short while I want you to indulge me while I fancy a fanciful fantasy from a phatasmogorium.

The Scene: A dingy (unnecessary adjective) room in Penfield Hall.

The Characters: Uriah Thumtub, a student whose hobby is scientific experimentation with a supernatural twist; Your Correspondent; and the world at large with all its people.

As the curtain rises Uriah is seen bent over a queer looking contraption resembling a crystal radio set. Enter the Alpine Milkman.

Uriah: "Europa!" (snaps fingers in disgust) "Aw, hell, I mean 'Eureka!'"

A. M.: (grinning at his own wit) "Where do eureka, John?"

U.: "That's ancient Peruvian for 'In flew a dead duck' but you should see from the context that I have found it."

A. M.: "Found what?"

U.: "It! The soothsayer machine. I shall call it the Sophotube!"

A. M.: (remembering his own childhood) "What makes it tick?"

U.: "This delicate instrument will record any human speech, just like a phonograph, but it has the peculiar property of being able to translate the speech from the falsehood that it usually is to the naked, uncomprising truth!"

A. M.: (who has read Mutt & Jeff) "Interesting if true. Have you tested it?"

U.: "Not yet. That's where you come in. I have just turned on the current. Now tell the machine where you got that necktie."

A. M.: "That's easy. I borrowed it from a brother in the lodge."

U.: "Now I will reverse the current. Listen!"

The Sophotube "entered the room of a fraternity brother when I knew he was at class and took it without his knowledge or consent."

Your correspondent picks up a wrench without further ado and proceeds to make a valiant attempt at smashing the machine, but is restrained by the strong arm of Uriah, who used to play left tit on the tit-tat-toe team.

U.: "Wait! You and I are the sole possessors of this secret."

Let us see what we can find out with it. I promise you that no one else will ever know."

Your correspondent secretly pushes the lever that reverses the current.

Sophotube: "I will keep this secret unless I get hard up for cash."

Your correspondent and Uriah join hands over the Sophotube and repeat in unison: "All for one and one for all."

Sophotube: "Until one gets in the way of the other."

Asbestos Curtain on the first act.

Well, girls, don't you think the Sophotube has possibilities?

In future installments we shall take the Sophotube into every conceivable nook and cranny, and get the lowdown on lots of things. I'm sure you will be interested. (At this point the Sophotube sticks its head from behind the curtain and blurts out: "It doesn't matter whether or not you're interested. I'm just writing this to take up space.")

The Alpine Milkman

## A ONE ACT PLAY

Sh—Keep still and very quiet. The doctor is here and is in the patient's room to diagnose the case. I cannot believe the little one is critically sick, at least not so dangerous as we have been led to believe.

The doctor has been requested to make an exhaustive examination and submit his diagnosis.

We know that the little pet of

the school has not been exposed unnecessarily and has not had any contact with contagious diseases. How long he takes. We can only wait, wait wait, a woman's part. See, the nurse is beckoning us to come. Courage now; Hope only for the best.

The doctor raising his eyes from the bedside and calling to his aid his most pleasing and effective antidote, a genuine smile, said in his rich mellow voice "Well folk, I have made a thorough examination of your patient and am glad to report that I'd find no organic trouble. Her pulse is normal, her respiration just a wee bit below normal, satisfactory however, but ladies her CIRCULATION is bad, very bad. It indicates conclusively that she has been undernourished and underfed. I find a lack of the essential vitamins A. B. and C. interest, cooperation, and not a trace of money. She should be given a strong diet of personal interest on the part of her founders, an unlimited portion of loyalty from the student body and all the green food represented by greenbacks of the one dollar variety from Uncle Sam's garden.

I will leave a prescription, composed of equal parts of Spirits of your Alma Mater, personal efforts to arouse the old alumnae unanimous support of the student body and the faculty, shake well administer daily during the remainder of the scholastic year. Ladies I think this will restore her and cure the little infection of indebtedness I found. If this is not corrected soon it may develop into something chronic.

Good morning ladies, I will drop in again when passing, good bye. Friends:

The patient is the ward of G. S. C. W. The child of our brains. The connecting link between the present personnel of the student body and those who have gone out into the highways and by-ways to live a life embodying the principles of true womanhood your Alma Mater has so faithfully striven to place upon a pedestal before you in your college days as an inspiration to each and every girl that has her way.

## ATLANTA CLUB

The Atlanta Club of G. S. C. W. sponsored a dance December 30, 1931, at the West End Civic Club at Gordon Street, Atlanta. Miss Mary Snow Johnson, president of the club, was hostess and Mrs. C. A. Littleton chaperoned. The club was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors.

Among those present were Misses Elizabeth Proctor, Lucile Jones, Frances Holsenbeck, Helen Barnett, Elizabeth Center, Helen Ennis, Louise Butt, Mary Snow Johnson, Rosa Fannie Berman, Catherine Littleton, Margaret Huie, Evelyn Wheat, Estelle McDaniel, Lera Beth Brown, Dorothy Fugitt, Katie Israil, Pauline Suttentfield and Messers Paul Lucas, William H. Talbot, Jim Carroll, Clarence Terry, Harry Leadingham, Basil, Cochran Allen, Jr., McAvy Allen, Ben Wengraw, Borden Wesley, Jack Quables, Dick Aderhold, Dan Holsenbeck, H. E. Smith, James Reeves, Charlie Taylor Howard Holloway, Jack Lichtenstein, Jack Landers, Jack Clay, Ben Rogers, Jr., Cecil Peacock, Robert Hooks, Wayne Higgins, Bill Eskew, Bernard Ramsey, William Layton, Staunich Beens, Ed Johnson.

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